



**The Illusion
of Existence**
PHILOSOPHICAL
POEMS

SORIN CERIN

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

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2017

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- philosophical poems-

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EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

**Critical appreciations about the
poetry of meditation**

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionate, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God,

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin,

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX,

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached 'at the end of border' - gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vineu wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

CONTENTS

- 1. The Hearts of the Forgetfulness**
- 2. The Star of the Future**
- 3. The Steps of the Star of the Destiny**
- 4. The existential labor**
- 5. Eternal requiem**
- 6. Whose Cold lonely, it froze**
- 7. Souls thirsty for Truth**
- 8. True Death is the Absolute**
- 9. The Circus of the World**
- 10. Lost in the Ocean of Illusions of the Existence**
- 11. The Fire of his own Conscience**
- 12. Supreme Consciousness**
- 13. When they going out, to lighting**
- 14. Prayer or Curse**
- 15. Beyond Always**
- 16. The Essence and Body of own Death**
- 17. Blessings and unnecessary Sufferings**
- 18. Builders of Walls**
- 19. The Heights of the Words**
- 20. At the Birth of My Death**
- 21. Under the heat**
- 22. The penetrating cold**
- 23. The Sun of our Dream**
- 24. Chance and, un-chance**

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**

- philosophical poems-

- 25. The true Sense of Life**
- 26. Steaks of Dreams**
- 27. I always loved the Dawns**
- 28. Word with Word, by Moment**
- 29. So much enthusiasm**
- 30. Wasted in vain**
- 31. Than, when they are watching in the Mirror**
- 32. On the rope of the Horizon**
- 33. Than, only**
- 34. In part**
- 35. More lonely**
- 36. The only one which will remain us**
- 37. Only from them**
- 38. The Happening Un-incidentally of His**
- 39. The abject prison**
- 40. In case of, Sentimental Fire**
- 41. The Mud's Bridge**
- 42. The Exact Hour of the Destiny**
- 43. The hard stone of the Will**
- 44. Can be something**
- 45. Days of feline**
- 46. Who broke the Mirror and why?**
- 47. What they wanted to lure us**
- 48. Another face of the Loneliness**
- 49. On the measure without numbers**
- 50. The droughty Vices**
- 51. We polishing us, the Salvation**
- 52. What became God**
- 53. The times, what are no longer**
- 54. Are Walls**
- 55. They becomed cardinal points**
- 56. Grains of Moments**
- 57. Fractals of Dreams**
- 58. Starved and greedy**

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**

- philosophical poems-

- 59. When they hear the deep and profound
prayers**
- 60. The Freedom, Death and Love**
- 61. The Heat of the Banality**
- 62. At the mills of the Absurd**
- 63. The art of perfection of the Unique Absolute
Truth**
- 64. Against the Narcissism**
- 65. From where we to light**
- 66. The Great Priestess of the Divinity**
- 67. What they will wear their rod**
- 68. A Cathedral**
- 69. What are being used as offerings**
- 70. The frozen Words of the Creation**
- 71. Where begins the Eternity of the Freedom of
Self**
- 72. The work of art of the Absolute Truth**
- 73. Pillaged by the Death**
- 74. The tastiest bread**
- 75. The most diverse ways possible**
- 76. In Death and not in Life**
- 77. In the heavy and oppressive lead**

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

1. The Hearts of the Forgetfulness

No matter how long would be the road,
between the Tears of theInfinity,
and the frontier,
which holds the Absolute Truth,
of this World,
what collapsed,
drowned in the Veins of the Moments,
from the Blood,
of own Future,
on which we traveled us,
the Vanity,
of the Steps numb by Sufferings,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
which I crocheted her,
weaving us, the Cloak of Hopes,
which defended us,
from the cold of the Moments of a Time,
which has lost His Eternity,
in the Hearts of the Forgetfulness.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

2. The Star of the Future

I was so poor,
by the smile of your Glance,
that I began to beg of the Destiny,
a single Moment,
of Glance,
from which I to feed me,
the whole energy of the World,
with your Smile,
on which has endeavored, a whole Universe ,
of the Absolute Truth,
from the body of the Divine Light,
to express him to us,
before to us be Born,
as to Meet us,
the eternity of the Moment,
on which was expecting us,
the Star of the Future.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

3. The Steps of the Star of the Destiny

Caravans of Regrets,
are going through deserted Deserts,
of the Glances,
which are lost,
after the Horizons of Loneliness,
in a grave silence,
broken by the cries, deaf,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
what seems to be waiting for us,
the Steps of the Star of the Destiny,
which has not yet forsaken,
the vault of the Soul,
of a Time,
which is still ours.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

4. The existential labor

The baskets of the Abundance,
of Illusions of the Existence,
are taken to the Square of the Maternities,
for they to be divided with generosity,
to the new borns of the Moments,
tired after the existential labor,
to which they have been subjected,
by the Eternity,
for to give birth to the Destinies,
which they will be dedicated,
totally to the Death.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

5. Eternal requiem

Zodiac signs gnawed in the elbows of the Destinies,
are rotating,
in a cursed game,
of the Time,
around the Death,
at the eternal requiem
of the Illusions of the Existence,
supported on the shoulder of a World,
equally unreal,
as are our Feelings,
lost through the Cemeteries of Words,
to which we are no longer allowed us,
to put, not even,
a flower of Truth,
for a pious remembrance.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

6. Whose Cold lonely, it froze

Even the Sacred Fire of Love,
remained dumbfounded cold
in the hearth of Loneliness,
without building up the sparks, of Stars,
on the Heaven of some Destiny,
pierced by arrow, by a desolate Soul,
whose Cold lonely,
it froze,
on the shore of a Hope,
snowbound, by large and cold flakes,
of the empty Moments,
by the own Self.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

7. Souls thirsty for Truth

The prow of the Destiny,
cuts the waves of the Illusions of the Existence,
in two Balances,
of the Good and Evil,
where each in part,
its will dig,
its own fountain, of Dreams,
from which it will give,
the Water of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
of the our thirsty souls,
of, a Truth,
about the creator of the Original Sins,
on which we will not him find out, never.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

8. True Death is the Absolute

As, the Time,
it be able to sweat Moments,
it was necessary,
the Awareness, of Self,
which determined,
Separation of False,
what has become,
the Illusions of our Existence,
by the mummified body,
of the Absolute,
what represents the True Death,
and, the Absolute Truth,
is its essence.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

9. The Circus of the World

Wild times,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
are brought into the manege of the Time,
for to be tame,
to the delight of the Moments,
which come every time,
at shows of acrobatics,
of the Destiny,
no matter of the place,
where it will raise its tent,
the Society of Consumption,
of the prides from the Glances,
of the animals of prey,
of the Circus of the World.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

10. Lost in the Ocean of Illusions of the Existence

Sparks of Conscience,
lights the Darkness of the Nothingness,
from the Loneliness,
deep and profound,
of a God,
who wanted so much,
to belong to someone,
that he managed to ignite,
the whole Universe,
of the Suffering and the Loneliness,
turning it into a torch,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
from which we have conceived us,
and we, the Love,
the unique Truth of this World,
lost in the ocean of Illusions of the Existence.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

11. The Fire of his own Conscience

Tired of so much wandering,
through endlessness of the spaces between Glances,
the Stellar Dust of the Illusions,
of the Life,
of the Happiness
of the Suffering,
and of the Death,
was caught up in the controversial round dance of the
Incarnation,
in the Awareness,
of a World,
on which only the Original Sins,
they had not bypassed her until then,
when,
I understand the deep role,
of the Love,
the unique that can melt,
any Fire of the Sufferings,
dumbfounded,
in the Fire of his own Conscience.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

12. Supreme Consciousness

The recital of chords,
of the Great Priest, the Time,
vibrates,
in the mental of the Great Universal Contemplation,
in the form of the logical Fractals,
of the Opposites,
which are lost in the Infinite,
of the Supreme Consciousness,
who decides the Destiny of the Whole and All,
whether is Existential Illusion,
or Absolute Truth,
from this Universe of Contrasts,
so Necessary,
to the Spiritual chemistry,
of the Love.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

13. When they going out, to lighting

We are planets that gravitate,
around the same Sun of Love,
but few of us,
know to receive,
the Divine Light from this,
remaining in a Sentimental Eclipse,
Perpetual,
have worn out the alleys of the Cemeteries of Words,
with the stray steps of the Blood of the Defective Genes,
devised on the measure of the Original Sins,
which dress them almost every time,
the Hopes
then when they going out, to lighting,
the lost Glances.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

14. Prayer or Curse

Does not exist,
greater force,
than the power,
of a Prayer,
or of a Curse,
said to the Supreme Conscience,
by the sincere and unblemished Love,
which still remained in us,
face of, the Sidereal Harmony,
of Energy Fractals,
of the Universe,
which controls us in detail,
the Illusions of the Existence.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

15. Beyond Always

Always should,
to look at us,
Beyond ourselves,
where we become,
a true Realm of the Eternity,
anchored without his will,
of, Incarnation of a Body,
cold and inert,
then when we forsake him,
for to us come back,
to the Destinies Stars,
there where it was our place,
Always.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

16. The Essence and Body of own Death

Thrown through the hidden locks,
of the Universe,
from own body,
of the Consciousness,
the Future,
he stands scared and terrified,
by the rebel Thoughts,
who they went out, to waste,
the Eternities of the Moments,
for a drop of Absolute Truth,
without to understand,
that this is part,
from the Essence and the Body,
of our own Death,
and we will surely find him out,
then when we will be transformed us,
in Eternity.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

17. Blessings and unnecessary Sufferings

Then when we will peel off,
the Tree of Wisdom,
by the Bark of the Illusions of the Existence,
we will discover how much Non-Sens Existential,
we were forced we to breathe,
because underneath this,
is hiding,
the Word of unconditional Love,
face of, the Energy Harmony,
of the Awareness,
which is named,
the Subconscious Self,
of the Eternity of Death,
being the Absolute Truth,
face of which we have reported us,
the whole Life,
complicating it,
with Blessings and unnecessary Sufferings.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

18. Builders of Walls

We were born Builders,
of Walls,
greater or smaller,
useful or useless,
as to hide ourselves,
always behind them,
from, the conservation Instinct,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
who want us,
as more pickled as possible,
in the juice of our own Vanities,
who is wasting our Days,
with bitter polemics,
between Pride and Greed,
what they chained us so much the Dreams,
that, they die, strangled,
at the pillar of infamy,
their own Hopes.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

19. The Heights of the Words

How many times,
I have not found isolated refuges,
on the Heights of the Words,
thrown at the trash,
of the Past,
through the bent cans,
and almost Empty of Content,
whose,
its have made appearance,
the remnants of the glows of gala,
of some Loves,
whose Traces,
they stay rusty and forsaken,
alongside the Hearts of the Moments of that time,
entered now in putrefaction,
over which, is laid, slowly, but surely,
the wet muscle, of Forgetfulness,
as if nothing had happened.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

20. At the Birth of My Death

I could not assisted,
to see how you disappear,
dressed in the veil,
of, the Sacred Fire,
Love,
and I left,
further,
of Falling Stars of the Destiny,
to admire you,
from the Eternity,
which you deserved it, fully,
ever since at the Birth of My Death,
in which I hope to meet you again.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

21. Under the heat

Words of wax,
melt under the heat of the Vanities,
of a Sun of Meanings,
of the Nobody.

Walls of Building,
they whitened silently,
at the edges of the Illusions of the Existence,
begging for a glass,
of, Water of the Life.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

22. The penetrating cold

The fangs deaf of the Destiny,
they bite deep,
from the meat of the bloody Time,
of the Sunsets,
which it sits heavy, and careless,
over the Illusions of the Existence,
bringing the Night of the Loneliness,
of a Cold, penetrating and dumbfounded,
through the frozen bones of the Moments,
who are barely moving their Steps,
through the Cemeteries, of Words.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

23. The Sun of our Dream

The branches of the Broken Days,
from the Calendars of Feelings,
they stand thrown,
on the deserted streets of the Souls,
cobbled with Memories heavy of granite ,
which can not be broken easily,
by the indifferent blades,
of the wheels of a Time,
which never have wanted,
to it spin,
and after the Sun of our Dream.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

24. Chance and, un-chance

The unique Chance,
which we can not lose it,
is that of the Death,
which gives us all the rights,
of to fulfill us the Dream,
through which we to belong to its Realm,
with or without our will,
face of Life,
which is not even aware of us,
which are,
where they begin and end,
the Illusions of the Existence,
for to know if we have,
an Un-chance or not,
in front of her.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

25. The true Sense of Life

I was born tired,
of how much I swam through Eternity,
for to reach before,
of the Great Priest, Time,
which will anoint me,
with the wasted Eternities of his Moments,
through which I am obliged to pass,
without taking a frugal meal of Dreams,
through each,
until I will realize how much,
I would have desired,
to remain in the endless Universe,
of one of them,
in which to breathe,
the strong and wonderful air,
of the Immortality.

Here is the true sense of Life,
for which we are in this World.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

26. Steaks of Dreams

Built in the flesh of the World,
what do I expect to be sliced by Time,
up to the bones of her Vanity,
as then I to cook,
one of the best,
Steaks of Dreams,
from the Illusions of the Existence,
on which to swallow it,
until her last breath,
without I to asking myself,
how good it would have been,
if I would spiced it,
and with the Eternity of Death.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

27. I always loved the Dawns

Always,
I loved the Dawns,
which, they delete,
the Eyes, of Heaven, asleep,
in the handkerchief of the Soul,
which has not yet succeeded,
to wake up,
the Illusions of the Existence,
for to become,
totally conscious,
by the traced tasks,
by the Destiny,
cold and unforgiving of Death.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

28. Word with Word, by Moment

I'm so cold,
in the silence, of grave,
of the Absolute Truth,
from this World,
of the perdition from own Self,
that, they cooled,
even my Memories,
the only ones that still, warmed me up,
when my Destiny was snowbound,
by the Illusions of the Existence,
which, they sparkled with vain Dreams,
over the immaculate white,
of the sheet of Sentimental paper,
on which I was obliged to write me,
as thoroughly as possible,
Word with Word, by Moment
the story of my life.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

29. So much enthusiasm

We often, feel,
that we are an abandoned Star,
by the Eternity of her own Destiny,
who is doomed,
to fall on the cold vault,
furrowed by the Clouds of the Words of Lead,
of our Souls,
Conscious,
that they will never be able to fly,
toward the Eternities of the Moments,
which illuminates them the Path,
trodden, with so much enthusiasm,
by the Death.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

30. Wasted in vain

Injured,
by the Horns of Time,
the Destiny,
he has leaked his blood,
of the Eternity
in the dust of our Incarnation,
which they modeled,
the Illusions of the Existence,
in such way,
that we to become ourselves,
those who we step,
with each Eternity of Moment,
wasted in vain,
toward Death.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

31. Than, when they are watching in the Mirror

The sideral Spaces,
of the Conscience,
created from, the Sacred Fire,
of the Blood of the Defective Genes,
of the Thoughts,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
which could not be aware,
that they exist,
than when they are watching,
in the Mirror,
which are,
our Lives and our Deaths.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

32. On the rope of the Horizon

I chose,
I to go on the rope of the Horizon,
of, this World,
making equilibristics sentimental,
with the Illusions of the Existence,
waiting in every Moment,
I to collapse me,
in a part or other,
of the Good or Evil,
of the Remembrance,
without which this World,
it would not have existed,
Never.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

33. Than, only

The Eternities of the Moments,
are the Past Remembrances,
of the Time,
which obliges us,
to we relive them,
in its place,
without to can, ever,
to we stay,
in one of them,
than only,
in the Moment of Death.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

34. In part

The Illusion of the Existence,
is a basket of wandered Destinies,
from the bundle of the thinker twigs,
of the Absolute Truth,
woven by Time,
in such way,
that, he to can make,
the Ropes, as durable as possible,
to the Vanity,
of, which, we will hang us,
every wasted Moment,
in part.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

35. More lonely

Human nature,
is the product of the Illusions of the Existence,
which have succeeded to sneak,
under the rug of the Eternity,
of the Absolute Truth,
and to escape,
in the endless of the Death,
by the own Self,
which, lacked so much,
to the Immortality,
that she felt more lonely,
than the whole essence,
of the Loneliness

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

36. The only one which will remain us

The world
is a profound Sadness,
of a God,
who could not go out,
from the Memory of the Absolute Truth,
without breaking the Mirror,
in which it was,
the Icon of the Contemplation, of this one,
as in her shards,
is cut, the Endlessly,
bleeding the first Eternities, of Moments,
of the Time,
what will divide us, always,
the slice, of Hopes,
until the only one,
which will remain us,
will be Death.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

37. Only from them

The Roses of the Sunrises,
they open its petals,
of the Horizons of Dreams,
what awaits
the Day of the Light,
of the your Thoughts,
on which to fulfill them,
giving Sens,
to the Eternity of each Moment in part,
who will banish us,
the hours of the Illusions of Life and Death,
receiving instead,
the breath,
of the Immortality of the Moment
only from them,
which have become a Time,
only ours,
for Ever.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

38. The Happening Un-incidentally of His

No matter how much,
they would dig us,
the Illusions of the Existence,
the Base of the Immortality,
the true liberating Death,
will certainly arrive,
at the exact hour of the Love,
built by the Absolute Truth,
of a God,
Unique and Incidentally,
only for us,
which we are,
the happening un-incidentally
of His.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

39. The abject prison

There is so much Freedom,
in the Blood of the Defective Genes,
of our Destiny,
that it can sink,
whatever floats,
on the Horizon of the Illusions of the Existence,
making abstraction,
of Spaces and Times,
which are the padlocks and the bars,
of, the Illusions of the Life and Death,
at the abject prison,
with the name, of World.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

40. In case of, Sentimental Fire

The birth,
counted us the Days,
on which we have them until Death,
the Conscience,
us buildeth the windows of the Words,
on which we can jump,
in case of Sentimental Fire,
with some Love,
founded by a God,
which does not resemble us in any way,
no matter how many sacrifices we would have made,
we to sculpt his, the Thinking,
after the image and likeness,
of the our own Dreams.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

41. The Mud's Bridge

I made a covenant with Death,
of before birth,
in the debauchery of this World,
of the Original Sins,
who claim to help us,
we to cross the Mud's Bridge,
in which we are incarnate,
as soon as possible,
we run on the craft,
of the Churches of Words,
at the Icons of the oars to which,
we must to worship,
even the Illusions of the Existence.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

42. The Exact Hour of the Destiny

I listened to you,
every time,
Illusion of Existence,
knowing that any path I would choose,
at the final destination of Death,
I will arrive,
even if I will be, to I pass,
whole Oceans,
of Truths or Falses Absolutes,
without I knowing,
how much is the price,
of the Exact Hour,
of my Destiny,
on, the heat, of end, of, World,
of the Happiness or of the Suffering.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

43. The hard stone of the Will

Even if we would us be built,
the Dreams of the Fulfillment,
from the hard stone of the Will,
these would have been shattered,
by the Illusions of the Existence,
in whose plans,
main pillars,
on which we must support us,
the edifice of the own World, are,
the Illusions of Life, of the Happiness,
of the Sufferings and of the Death.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

44. Can be something

Beyond of,
the Great Universal Contemplation,
can be something,
which to not belong,
to the Mirrors that convert,
the Unique incidentally Event,
who is God,
in the Illusions un-incidentally,
which are the Knowledges,
of the blurry Worlds of the Superficiality,
of the Vileness and of the Obedience,
face of Hierarchy ?,
anything else,
apart from the Paradises,
of some Infernos?

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

45. Days of feline

Wrecks of Love,
they stand dispirited,
in the time zones, delayed,
of the Memories,
for to be woven,
in a carpet of the Suffering,
on which to tread,
the steps of a defiant God,
made after the image and likeness of the Death,
which never understood them,
the Fury of the Time,
what them catch at strait
the Destinies,
choked them,
with the claws of the Days of feline,
his.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

46. Who broke the Mirror and why?

Seedlings of Pride,
are sown,
by the Illusions of the Existence,
in the gluey Mud,
of the Incarnations of this World,
in the Vanity,
which is flowing,
through the Blood of Defective Genes,
of the denatured Destinies,
of the Original Sins,
which have been assigned to us,
with magnanimity,
by an Accident,
who broke the Mirror of the Knowledges,
in which was reflected, the Unique Incidentally,
God,
in billions of shards,
where, in each of these,
His face is distorted,
in Apocalyptic images,
of some Illusions,
which can reach monstrous odds.

Who broke this Mirror and why?

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

47. What they wanted to lure us

Who let us to believe that God,
can be after our image and likeness?
The Illusions of the Existence,
or the immeasurable Pride,
of the Original Sins,
what they wanted to lure us,
in the marshes of their Happiness,
where the tender flesh of the Profane,
is a currency of exchange,
in the Hierarchy of the Nothingness
of a World,
on which he has certainly built it,
the one who broke,
the Mirror of the Great Universal Contemplation,
be it and of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
of the Suffering and Happiness,
of ours.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

48. Another face of the Loneliness

The Incarnation of the Destiny,
was a way of the God,
of to see and another face of the Loneliness,
from the Blood of Defective Genes, of which,
he to be able to drink the Water of the Life
of some Illusions of the Existence,
from which the Happiness and Suffering,
they will have made,
Cathedrals of Dreams,
to which to worship,
proud and unflinching,
the Vanity.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

49. On the measure without numbers

The Cathedrals of the Passions
are filled with the Souls of Moments,
weary by so worn,
vestments created by the Nothingness,
on the measure without numbers,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
who preach,
at liturgies of the Absurd,
the Existential Nonsense,
of a World,
who not only does not know where it is going,
but it does not even have an idea,
if it was really ever,
on the firmament of the Absolute Truth.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

50. The droughty Vices

The sprouts, of Memories,
melt the Sun of the Illusions of the Existence,
in the Tears of wheat,
of some breads of Thoughts,
which saturate us the hunger of ourselves,
then when we run,
on the burned fields,
by the Droughty Vices of the Days,
which sails in drift, on a, Dry
from which we want to build us the Future,
too heavy as to we can carry him,
in the back of the Destiny,
through the Cemeteries of Words,
of the unfulfilled Desires.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

51. We polishing us, the Salvation

In the search of the Happiness,
we have avoided the relevance of the Illusions of the
Existence,
whose lattice of glasses,
keep the reins of the Freedom,
in the hands of a God,
built only by us,
which has nor a connection,
with the Absolute Truth,
of the Unique Incidentally,
on which we will not be able to perceive him, never,
because it does not resemble at all, with us,
no matter how much we strive,
to remove,
the veil of the Absurd,
through which we polishing us,
the Salvation.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

52. What became God

The awareness, of Self,
was produced for the first time,
in the Primordial Event,
of the Unique Incidentally,
which has divided the Universe,
in the Endless of the Space,
and the Eternity of Time,
as then it to travel them, tirelessly
on all at once,
gathering them in one point,
present everywhere,
what became God,
which is self-contemplating,
in his own Loneliness,
until he decided,
to build the color of the Worlds,
and on us alongside of them.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

53. The times, what are no longer

The days have become,
the funeral Crowns,
of the ancient Times ,
buried in the Cemeteries of Words,
of some Memories,
the Times,
what they are no longer sought,
by the Steps of the Prides and Hierarchies,
which until then,
they did not give them the inner peace,
of which they would have so much needed,
for as, the Illusions of the Existence,
they to raise their thick and cold fog,
off the vault of the wandered Souls,
on this World.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

54. Are Walls

The beliefs of Illusions of the Existence,
are Walls,
at which to we shoot us,
the Aspirations,
shipwrecked on the Ocean,
of the paltry Indifference,
of the Concepts about Freedom,
who have grafted us,
from the thorns, adversaries,
of the Hierarchies,
the Absurd of the Consumption Society,
vain Dreams.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

55. They becomed cardinal points

We are born, creators,
of, wandered Dreams,
through the pockets torn by the Days,
of the Time,
which claimed us,
the entire existential absurd,
on which we build it,
from the Cement of the Illusions of the Existence,
which strengthens us,
the four feet of the bridge,
on which we support us the Destiny,
the Life, Happiness, Suffering and Death,
becomed, the cardinal points,
of our way,
toward Nowhere.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

56. Grains of Moments

The sad and meaningless zodiac signs,
they guess in grains of Moments,
to the Future,
crucified on the rope of a Horizon,
on which nor a equilibrist Past,
has not succeeded to pass it, never,
as, the Time,
will become the Eternity,
and the Illusions of the Existence,
to melt,
at the soles of the Absolute Truth.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

57. Fractals of Dreams

It was so Darkness,
in the Traces of the Restlessness,
that it was illuminated,
the Great Universal Contemplation,
with the Eternity,
of which it has become aware, the Existence,
whose Mirror was broken,
in the shards of the Conscience of the Illusions,
on which God has gathered them,
in the Fractals of Dreams,
on which he has transformed them,
in the Hope of the Icon of a Love,
which was born in us.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

58. Starved and greedy

The geraniums of the aspirations,
from the windows of Sky of the Freedom ,
were bitten,
by the Remorses of the Times,
whose Vices,
Vanities and Hierarchies,
given as an offering,
to a starved and greedy God,
built,
after our image and likeness,
have killed more Hopes,
than would have done it,
even and the Paradise of the Inferno,
found in Blood of Defective Moments,
on which we are wandering,
navigating in the drift.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

59. When they hear the deep and profound prayers

The cold walls of the Remembrance,
they barely support,
the Icons gnawed by the Time,
of the Longing,
which cry every time,
when they hear,
the deep and profound prayers,
sprung from the Non-being of the Absolute Truth,
mixing the colors of the Life and Death,
with their Tears,
which were painted,
by the God of the Stranger, subconscious
from us,
with the Nib of the Love,
which would want to fly,
for to bring us the Peace,
even with the wings of the Illusions of the Existence,
on the vaults of the Souls,
orphans of Fulfillment,
ours.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

60. The Freedom, Death and Love

Freedom is a Truth,
as long as the Truth,
can not become,
Freedom.

Death is a Truth,
as long as the Truth,
can not become,
Death.

Only Love is a Truth,
whose Truth,
may become,
Love.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

61. The Heat of the Banality

The ice Flowers of the Thoughts,
which were collected by the Destiny,
for to be given to the Love,
from the Cemeteries of Words,
they began to melt,
being replaced,
with whole bouquets,
by the Heat of the Banality,
ignited by the Nothingness,
with which the Illusions of the Existence, carry
the Vices drugged with Life and Death,
in the World of the Absurd.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

62. At the mills of the Absurd

The detached stars off the wallpaper of the Destiny ,
they began to fall,
among the tombs of the Days,
whose Time,
was lit,
by the Sacred Fire of Love,
burning like a torch,
softening even the Cold of the Words,
which have frozen the Souls,
bent by the Original Sins,
of the Blood of the Defective Genes,
which grinds us the Illusions of the Existence,
at the mills of the Absurd.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

**63. The art of perfection of the Unique Absolute
Truth**

The snowing of Dreams,
they dig up the Realms of the Absurd,
of the Existential Nonsense,
which have been left to us, as inheritance,
by the Original Sins,
on which we to plow the whole Existence,
the abundant harvests of Illusions of the Life,
of the Happiness, Suffering and Death,
until we learn,
the art of perfection,
of the Unique Absolute Truth,
which was destined us,
for to become for us,
Death.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

64. Against the Narcissism

The one who broke,
the Mirror of the Knowledge,
in which he looked,
the Unique incidentally,
God,
Has knew,
that her shards,
they will give birth to the Illusions of the Existence,
or Non-Existence,
up to an infinity of Opposites,
of their,
in which he will cut his veins, the Time,
bleeding the Eternities of Moments?

Who could Know,
besides God ?,
than His Great Universal Contemplation ?,
which rebelled against His Narcissism ?,
of to always look in the Mirror of his own Loneliness?

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

65. From where we to light

The wait,
is the blood of the Time,
elapsed,
over the Illusions of the our Existence,
from which it has flourished,
hardly, in the end,
the Word Love,
the unique Truth spoken on this World,
of the Absurd,
through which we can ascend us,
to the Stars of Dreams,
from where we to light,
and the dark paths of others,
who have not yet discovered,
this Secret.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

66. The Great Priestess of the Divinity

Branches, of Ideas,
they it break, of the Windows of the Heaven,
secluded into the Delusions,
of the Ambiguities,
from the bodies, of, Words,
Sophisticated,
woven with great art,
by the Illusions of the Existence,
which wants to show us,
their artistical gift,
which guides us,
surely,
toward the Great Priestess,
of the Divinity,
the Unique, Absolute Truth,
with the name of,
Death,
which created us at many,
the necessity to have,
a God,
even and after our image and likeness.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

67. What they will wear their rod

The dice withered by Memories,
are thrown,
on the table of the Eyes of Sky of the Future,
by the hands,
of the Mummified Words,
of the Destinies,
for to find out,
what number of Days will fall,
on the wry and wrinkled faces,
of the Years,
heavy and overwhelmingly,
what they will wear their rod,
through the Illusions of our Existence.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

68. A Cathedral

The builders of the Words
have begun to build for them,
a Cathedral,
only from the bricks that became green,
by the Muscles of the Time ,
of the Original Sins,
which, they beat in the walls of the Destinies,
the Icons of the Illusions of the Existence,
at which we to pray,
imploing the basic pillars,
of the nature of Human Feeling,
which are,
the Life, Happiness, Suffering and Death,
from which we hope,
to give us, as many alcoholic stars,
of the Forgetfulness,
on the firmaments of the vaults,
of our Dreams.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

69. What are being used as offerings

At the beginning,
was the pedestal of the Debauchery,
and then was the entire range of Crimes,
brought to our souls,
what are being used as offerings
for a God,
which is neither Unique,
neither Un-incidentally,
as long as
he has incarcerated us,
in the prison of the Illusions of the Existence,
being afraid to we not escape
on the Realm of the Absolute Truth,
on which he can not control it.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

70. The frozen Words of the Creation

How deep,
can be the Silence of the cry,
who gave birth to Love ?,
among the frozen Words of the Creation,
on which I skated,
alongside of the Frost,
from the Illusions of our Existence,
who and he is dying of cold,
hoping to we ignite once,
the Sacred Fire of the Love,
which to heat,
the Universe, lonely and lost,
in His Great Contemplation.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

**71. Where begins the Eternity of the Freedom of
Self**

The barbed wire,
of the Glances of some Destinies,
do not let the Stars of the Conscience,
to cross beyond the border,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
where begins the Eternity
of the Freedom of Self,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
from which,
Breaking of the Mirror of the Awareness
has built a Past,
which was the first step of the Time,
in the Universe, of the Unique Incidentally,
God.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

72. The work of art of the Absolute Truth

A Truth free of any constraints,
is a False,
on which the Illusions of the Existence have used him,
when they wanted to convince us,
that we can do whatever we want,
in this World,
which has us become, the Paradise of the Inferno,
instead, the Absolute Truth,
shows us with the finger of his Eternity,
the Original Sins,
which puts us padlock,
to so many dreams.

Could be, the Originals Sins,
the work of art of the Absolute Truth,
when this one carved the image,
of the Human Condition?

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

73. Pillaged by the Death

We lit up us for a star,
of the Destiny,
for to quench us,
Falling on the darkned vault,
of the Soul,
pillaged by the Death,
which it was fed,
with the breath of our Thoughts,
the whole Life,
on which the Illusions of the Existence,
have transformed she, for us, so much so
that we to become ourselves,
the Question of the Answer ,
of the Word, Absurd.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

74. The tastiest bread

Stranger, of me myself,
I shipwrecked without any target,
on the Ocean of my own Consciousness,
knowing that wherever I will go,
all, on the Shore of that Death,
I'll reach,
with all my Dreams and Aspirations,
feeding the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Destiny,
cloudy of so many unrests,
on which I me have done them,
my whole Life,
believing that the dough of the Time,
is not enough of leavened
so that he can do,
the tastiest steaming bread,
of the Moments,
from which to I bite,
feeling the taste of the Eternity.

SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF EXISTENCE

- philosophical poems-

75. The most diverse ways possible

Tears of dew,
flowing from the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Icons of the Love,
on which God has them created for us,
as, we to can be saved,
by the Ocean, of Darkness,
in which was lost,
our Perdition,
of the Suffering and Happiness,
of the Life and Death,
from which we have incarnated,
the Illusions of the Existence,
on which we taste them daily,
preparing them in the most diverse ways,
as possible.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

76. In Death and not in Life

I do not believe in the Eternity of the Afterlife,
as in an endless continuation of the Life,
because without Death,
any Existence becomes useless,
whereas all the Illusions of the Existence,
is reflecting,
in the Death Mirror,
for to be able to exist.

Precisely that is why the Eternity,
has the essence of continuity,
in Death and not in Life,
and the Afterlife,
belongs to the Death,
which is something else than what we think it is,
then when we feel the Illusion of the Life or Death,
on which we have the false impression that we are aware of
them.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

77. In the heavy and oppressive lead

We were born,
from the Defective Genes of the Apocalypse,
on which the desperate Blood of the Heaven,
of a Destiny,
was flowing for to flood with him,
the desert valleys of the Consciousness,
what it was trying to build,
her own World,
without the Illusions of the Existence,
drowning her forever,
in the heavy and oppressive lead,
of the Original Sins.

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF
EXISTENCE**
- philosophical poems-